

WHO BEAT  
WEST POINT?

# THE A.M.A. CADET

WE DID!

VOL. I

FT. DEFIANCE, VA., MARCH 9, 1929

NO. 6

## Fishburne Defeats Augusta By Close Score Of 28-24

Saturday night, the A. M. A. five played a fighting game to the end, but were defeated by their rivals, Fishburne, who seemed determined to make up for their loss of last week. Not a harder fought game has been witnessed at Augusta in many years and the two teams furnished the large number of spectators an exciting hour.

At the end of the first quarter the score was 11-6, Augusta's favor. However, the team fell down during the next quarter, allowing their opponents to come out with a lead of two points, the score being 16-14 at the half. After the intermission the tables were again turned, as Augusta got back the lead, which they held to the end of the third quarter, the score then being 23-20. The last quarter was the hardest fought of all, so much so that two of Augusta's men, Shaffer and Welch, were put out on fouls. This loss did not affect the spirit of either the team or corps, although the absence of these two men and Bach, who was put out during the third quarter, was a handicap during the last few minutes of play, in which Fishburne slipped ahead to win with the final score of 28-24.

### BOX SCORE:

Fishburne	G	FG	T
Garner, rf	3	0	6
Mathewson rf	4	2	10
Goldsmith lf	3	3	9
McDaniels c	0	0	0
Martin rg	0	0	0
Gomo lg	1	0	2
Reynolds, C., lg	0	1	1
Totals	11	6	28
Augusta	G	FG	T
Malone rf	4	2	10
Bach lf	2	1	5

## Track and Base Ball Seasons Draw Near

In a few days the athletics at A. M. A. will shift back to the old clay bowl, where the baseball and track squads will begin practicing for the coming season.

We are very fortunate in having available for both teams, some valuable letter men of last year.

For track, we have Street, captain of this year's team, in the hurdles and broad jump; Bach in the 220 yard dash, javelin throw and broad jump; Goodwin for the hurdles; Humphreys for the pole vault; and Coups for the weights.

In baseball we are just as fortunate, if not more so, for the diamond is to again have Bach, this year's captain and one of last year's leading hitters; Berry, J. W., for third base; Blakemore for pitcher and Griffin, Whitehead, Wainwright and Harris for the outfield.

Besides these letter men in both sports, there are also a great many men who were on last year's squad and quite a few new cadets that signed up, which makes the prospects look good for a successful season.

Harris lf	1	0	2
Jacob lf	0	0	0
Welch c	1	1	3
Blakemore, C. rg	2	0	4
Shaffer lg	0	0	0
McIntyre lg	0	0	0
Totals	10	4	24

During the half and after the game, the boxing teams of B Co., and D Co., had bouts which ended in a tie. The contestants were only those who are not out for some branch of winter athletics, and they afforded much

## A. M. A. Defeats Hampden-Sidney Freshmen

The Augusta team came on the floor anxious for battle, while the corps showed its anxiety by the yelling which only Augusta has. The line-up was as follows:

Augusta	Hampden-Sidney
Welch	C. Mare
Bach	L. F. Bradford
Malone	R. F. Crawley
Shaffer	L. G. Gardner
Blakemore	R. G. Lineweaver

The game started with Augusta running wild, making 8 points before Hampden-Sidney made any.

Although Hampden-Sidney was a good team and deserves lots of respect, they were no match for the men who we are proud to say represent Augusta.

At the end of the first half A. M. A. was 22, while Hampden-Sidney was only 13. The latter tried to rally in the second half but was unable to do so and the game ended with A. M. A. 43, Hampden-Sidney 25.

The substitutes for Augusta were: Lathrop, Jacob, Sale, Railway, Harris, and McIntyre.

## Tank Record Breaker

On Monday, February 26, the Augusta "water cleavers" beat the Virginia Freshman 33-27 in the University pool.

Henry Kirn, of Virginia Beach, broke the pool record for the 100 yard free-style dash, with a time of 59.4 seconds. Besides being high-point man

amusement to the spectators.

The combatants and winners were as follows:

B. Co.—Merriman, Hutzler, Lowenthal, F., Lillard, Palmer, E., Whitcomb, Bell, W., Bay-

(Continued on Page Two)

## New Promotions Made In Corps

Having proved themselves efficient in military work during the past few weeks, the following cadets have been promoted:

Marston, from private to line sergeant.

Jordan, from third line sergeant to first line sergeant.

Kirn, from private to platoon sergeant.

Hughes, from corporal to line sergeant.

It was also announced that there would be more promotions, if others prove themselves worthy of a higher office, and due to the added amount of military duties which are now in progress, there are numerous opportunities for every cadet, who aspires to a higher office.

## Military

Although Col. Deems was a little disappointed in our Tactical work when he was here, we are sure that if he were to return he would think it a different school.

We are making no excuses, but we do believe that if the weather had been better, we would have the best drilled "Prep School" in the valley. With the "New Gym" and the assistants of the Tactical officers, we can yet get the "Honor School."

for the year, Kirn is the fastest of Augusta's "mermen."

The relay team also came within a fraction of a second of breaking the pool record for that event.

The line up is as follows:

1st—Dodson.  
2nd—Adam, J.  
3rd—Kirn.  
4th—Marston.

## History for Augusta

On a snow covered Thursday morning seven cadets and a coach left to box the West Point Plebes. These seven cadets were our own choice "maulers" ranging in weights from 115 pounds to the unlimited class.

The "leather pushers" returned late Sunday night with the bacon in the form of a victory taken from the Army.

Beery, of A. M. M. won the 115 pound class by a technical knockout in the second round. He looks promising for the state meet which is to be held at the University of Virginia on the ninth of March.

The 125 pound class was won by Founds of A. M. A. by a decision after three good rounds.

The 135 pound class was won by Moseley, of Augusta, in three rounds. Moseley's hand was hurt in the meet previous to this one and he was unable to use it after the first round. His right, however, did sufficient work for him to conquer his opponent.

The 145 pound class was won by Cadet Coutts of Army over our Jack Woods in a bout so close that it might have been called either way.

Charlie Payne cinched the meet for Augusta by winning the 160 pound class, beating his opponent all three rounds, and thereby keeping clean his record of no defeats in his three years of the "squared circle."

The Army won the 175 pound class. Bovee, a green man, has lost several bouts, but shows improvement in each start. The man that beats him over in Charlottesville will have to go some.

The unlimited class was won by Army over Copps of Augusta by a technical knockout in the

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# THE A. M. A. CADET

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office  
Fort Defiance, Virginia

THIS ISSUE EDITED BY FIRST PLATOON, CO. A

10 cents per copy

\$2.50 a Year

NO ADVERTISING ACCEPTED

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This poem was written in 1909 in honor of a fighting line, that went through sixty minutes of actual play without substitution to best S. M. A. 7 to 6; thereby wrestling the state championship from a hitherto undefeated team. The eleven was coached by Maj. Chas. S. Roller, Jr.

## The Linesman

The crowd goes wild, as with cheer and smile,  
They watch the Varsity whirl,  
See the backs thunder!  
The quarter's a wonder!  
The ends are the best in the world!

Of the fullback's pluck, in the smashing buck,  
That carried him over the goal;  
Of the quarter's brain,  
In that 'round-end gain;  
Is the story that will be told.

Of how the halves rush, in that "off-tackle brush,"  
The greatest play of the game;  
How the ends fought,  
Of the "passes" they caught,  
And all for old A. M. A.'s fame.

Of course it takes pluck, to make a line buck,  
And it is hard to go over the goal,  
But let's give some credit,  
We always forget it,  
To the man that made the hole.

The ends were fast and fought to the last,  
The quarter was certainly fine,  
The backs were great,  
But I pity their fate,  
Except for the man in the line.

In the midst of the fight, with his brawny might,  
He charges the enemy down;  
After each rush,  
Under the crush,  
Bleeding, the lineman is found.

No one knows, of the awful blows,  
He takes without ever a sign,  
So fill up your glasses,  
To the man of the masses,  
To the hero, the man in the line!

## I'm Making Believe

I'm making believe that I don't care,  
Tho' everyone knows that I do;  
I'm trying to smile, when all the while,  
My poor heart is crying for you.  
I'm flirting with others pretending I'm gay,  
But hating myself for acting that way;  
I'm making believe that I don't care,  
But I'm caring still more every day.

## History of Augusta

(Continued From Page One)

first round. We will not hesitate to say that this should have gone to Copps on a foul, which, however neither our coach nor the referee saw.

NOTE: Captain Yates, a recent graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, is now coaching both boxing and wrestling during Captain Denton's absence. His fine spirit and leadership are an inspiration to the men under him.

NOTE: The Boxing team has lost but one meet in its three years of fighting, and we have high hopes of victory at the tournament. We congratulate the team on its splendid work against so large a school as West Point.

## Jokes

Miss Mull: "Do the basketball men get as dirty as the football team in practicing?"

Mr. Powell: "Well, I don't know, why?"

Miss Mull: "I heard so much during the football season of the scrub team."

"Since you do not have any speedometer on your flivver, how do you tell how fast you are going?"

"That's simple; when I go ten miles an hour my tail light rattles; when I go twenty miles an hour my fenders rattle; when I go thirty miles an hour the doors rattle; when I go forty miles an hour my teeth rattle; when I go fifty miles an hour my bones rattle."

"What happens when you go sixty miles an hour?"

"I don't know, but I think I go to heaven."

Doctor: "You have acute tonsillitis."

Mac: "Yes, so many people have admired it."

"Why were you late to school this morning, Mr. Hutzler?" asked Hudson.

"Why the bugle blew before I got there," Hutzler explained reproachfully.

Mary: "This mountain-side is very hard to climb, my dear, can't we get a donkey?"

Charlie: "Am I not here, darling? Lean on my shoulder."

Husband of authoress: "Will you be much longer writing that

novel?"

Wife: "I am just at the death scene of the hero."

Husband (politely): "Good! And when he's dead, would you mind sewing on this button for me?"

## A STORY IN THREE LINES

Lion and two hunters.  
Lion and one hunter.  
Lion.

Teacher to little boy: "Give me a sentence using the word, gunboat."

"He's a gunboat not forgotten."

"What ho, Sir Perceval?"  
"Zounds! I have a Shakespear-ean cough."

"How says't thou, Shakespear-ean cough?"

"Gadzooks, man! T. B. or not T. B., that is the question."

"Is Alice a good girl?"

"Good! She's so perfect even practice couldn't make her."

He: "This chair is too hard. Let's sit over on the sofa."

She (on his lap): "Why, am I too heavy for you?"

He: "No, the springs in this chair are no good. There's much more play in the sofa."

There's nothing more pathetic than a horsefly on a radiator.

"See that wriggling woman going there?"

"She's so dumb she thinks a tract meet is a railroad crossing."

Coach (at swimming practice in Staunton): "Well, what did you come out for?"

Foushee: "Wading, sir."

Fudge: "Is it wrong to drink out of the saucer to keep the spoon out of your eye?"

## Fishburne Defeats A.M.A.

(Continued From Page One)

dush.

D Co.—Brookfield, D., Cease, Mewburne, Deffenbaugh, Humphreys, Murray, Baird, Koch.

Winners — Merriman, Cease, Lowenthal, Deffenbaugh, Humphreys, Whitcomb, Baird, Baydush.



# High Lights in the A.M.A. Faculty

MAJOR CHARLES S. ROLLER, JR.

The man who, associated with his brother, has caused the Augusta Military Academy to be rated as one of the best schools in this country, is Major Chas. S. Roller, Jr.

He was born at Ft. Defiance, Va., Sept. 8, 1879, in the "Old Tavern" at the Willow Spout.

He was the youngest child of Chas. S., and Rosabelle Judeth Moorman Roller. Inheriting his father's indomitable spirit and his mother's tender heart and charming personality, he became a leader at a very early age.

Entering A. M. A. in the autumn of 1887, he soon distinguished himself among his fellow cadets as a student, showing especial aptitude for Mathematics and the Sciences. Not only did he excel in the class room but also on the athletic field, making five letters in baseball and four in football; being honored with the captaincy of teams in both of these sports. He graduated in 1897 Senior Captain and Valedictorian of his class.

Being especially well prepared, on entering the Virginia Military Institute in September, he was admitted to the Third Class. Here again as student, athlete and scholar, we find his name carved most prominently in the "Halls of Fame." For three successive years he played brilliantly as quarterback on the Football Eleven, being elected to the leadership of the Championship Team. At this time he was the unanimous choice of the sport writers for Field General and Captain of the mythical "All Southern Team." In baseball, he was no less a star, earning his monogram three times and the reputation of being one of the best catchers in the state. While a cadet, in a Field Day exhibition, he threw a baseball 117 yards; a V. M. I. record that up to the present time has not been broken. Major Roller is one of the very few Institute men to run the hundred yards in ten seconds flat. As a cadet, he was private, Sr. Color Sgt., and Lt. and Q. M. In his First Class Year he was President of the student body; President of the Athletic Association; Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., and Editor-in-Chief of the Annual. In College as in Prep School, he was chosen Valedictorian of his class. He stood fourth on the list of graduates and as an "Honor Man" was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Science.

In 1901 and '02, Major Roller coached the then famous football teams of Furman University, Greenville, S. C. In the latter year he won the Southern Conference Championship, and stands alone in an accomplishment unequaled and unchallenged by a living coach. He traveled over 1,000 miles to defeat twice each in 18 days, St. Albans School, Georgia Tech., University of Georgia, Davidson, University of North Carolina and Carolina State.

Conditions at home now required his attention and he returned to the Augusta Military Academy to become teacher, coach in all branches of athletics and commandant of cadets.

In 1907 he heeded the call of Alma Mater and returned to Lexington to give V. M. I. the greatest scoring machine she ever possessed. He supplemented a very inadequate salary by accepting an instructorship in the department of Mathematics. The following year was his last in college football. A successful season at V. M. I. was brought to a sudden close by the death of one of its star backs. Washington and Lee had met with repeated reverses, had lost heart and was "all through." Major Roller took the team and in five days sent them to a 19 to 0 victory over a previously undefeated Georgetown team.

He then returned to Ft. Defiance to begin seriously his real work; that of "making men." He inherited a little country school with a good name and traditions but with heavy liabilities and an obsolete equipment. Today he has a corps of three hundred, a plant modern in every respect and an up-to-date school with real academic and military "class."

In September, 1909, Major Roller was married to Miss Janet



COL. ROLLER

MAJ. ROLLER

I. Stephenson, of Monterey, Highland County, Va. They have one son, Chas. S. Roller, III, who is now in his first year at V. M. I.

Major answered his country's call in 1918, going to France with the 89th Division, serving meritoriously in the lines and with the army of occupation.

Although his many duties at Augusta are uppermost in his thoughts, Major Roller finds time to engage in many social and civic enterprises. He is a Kappa Alpha, Deputy Grand Master of I. O. O. F., Past Lt. Governor of Capital District Kiwanis, Commander of First Brigade of Sons of Confederate Veterans, member of the American Legion, O. P. B. Society of Science, Republican, and is an active member of the Old Stone Presbyterian Church.

He is keen, energetic and untiring: "A Big Man, in A Big Job." Kind, yet stern in matters of discipline, he governs with justice and diplomacy. Slow to anger but mighty in his wrath, he fears no man and bends his knee to God Almighty, only. He soon forgets an injury; he is every man's friend. He asks little but gives much. He not only possesses a vast knowledge of scientific matters but is a Post Graduate in that most complex of all subjects: "The Youth of 1929." He knows the boys of today. Chas. S. Roller is a many-sided man. It is impossible to paint a word picture of him. He is just an impulsive, generous, big-hearted—oh, well! I can't describe him. There is no one quite like him. He is just—"Our Major"—that's all!

—Finis.

These simple verses were written in 1919 to immortalize a mediocre basketball team, that beat a much superior five from Kables. They won, because they would not be defeated.

## We Win

The whistle blows,  
They're on their toes,  
The ball is put in play,  
The centers jump,  
The guards they bump,  
The forwards get away.  
The gallery cheers,  
They have no fears,  
That we'll not win the game,  
The team is fit,  
They're full of grit,  
They're out today for fame.  
A whistle call,  
They stop the ball,  
The visitors shoot a foul;  
Again they play,  
Fast goes the fray,  
The gallery gives a howl.  
They're by the door,  
Now down the floor,  
Staunton gets a goal;  
Augusta fights,  
With all her might,  
She gives her very soul.

Now watch them go,  
Both to and fro,  
At last the score is tied;  
The game is rough,  
But they're tough  
They will not be denied.

Oh, see that team,  
They're full of steam,  
Hogshead begins to bleed;  
One scrimmage more,  
"Choke" down the floor,  
Augusta takes the lead!  
"Opp's" playing hard,  
He bests his guard,  
He shoots the old ball thru;  
"Sweed's" game is great,  
He makes it eight,  
His shots are very true.

Davis rides his man,  
He's playing grand,  
His forward cannot score;  
We shoot the ball,  
And watch it fall,  
And then we score some more.

The first half's thru,  
The air is blue,  
Fifteen points are ours;  
Eleven's their score,  
A mighty roar,  
Shakes the barrack's towers.

A breathing spell,  
They deserve well,  
So down below they go;  
The rest is short,

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Never Yet

1  
Easter furlough fifteen days,  
Never yet.  
Boning has become a craze,  
Never yet.  
Formal dances once a week,  
Entire corps allowed to "cheek,"  
"Necking party," so to speak,  
Never yet.

2  
Drills are few and far between,  
Never yet.  
Faculties' faces seldom seen,  
Never yet.  
Holidays come thick and fast,  
No more again the bugles' blast,  
Penalty tours gone at last,  
Never yet.

3  
Schuyler Wright is growing thin,  
Never yet.  
Hobelman has ceased to grin,  
Never yet.  
Skinny Baydush is small and short,  
Hutzler has Woods J. fought,  
Prince C., has too large shoes bought,  
Never yet.

4  
Bach does the social act,  
Never yet.  
Ram-rod straight in Bundy's back,  
Never yet.  
Study hall tribes have become scholars,  
Post Exchange is making dollars,  
Redden's learned to change his collars,  
Never yet.

5  
Was Hargreave's heart really broken,  
Never yet.  
Words of love by Mulliss spoken,  
Never yet.  
Michael Copps tackles low,  
Soon we'll have a minstrel show,  
Aubrey Brooks will cease to grow,  
Never yet.

6  
Griffen plays professional ball,  
Never yet.  
Charlie Bosman's growing tall,  
Never yet.  
Clemmer Harris is talking fast,  
Wily soon will "max" a class,  
Burgess' tongue is hushed at last,  
Never yet.

7  
"Vaniewsky S." isn't tough,  
Never yet.  
Young at last has called a bluff,  
Never yet.  
Goodwin, B., is a saint,

Yon C., denies he uses paint,  
Is Marston handsome? No he ain't,  
Never yet.

8  
No. 207 neat as a pin,  
Never yet.  
Heavy beard on Eddie's chin,  
Never yet.  
Barbee of grim starvation dies,  
Bowman's ceased his hunting lies,  
Wainwright for a touchdown flies,  
Never yet.

9  
John McCutchan's on a tear  
Never yet.  
Often is he heard to swear,  
Never yet.  
"Tarheel" Humphreys at last 'tis said,  
Has found a hat to fit his head,  
And back to Chapel Hill has fled,  
Never yet.

10  
Zeroes for Whitehead every day,  
Never yet.  
A "cream puff" punch has Statesville Gray,  
Never yet.  
Humbert C., isn't round,  
Albert Gorrell a voice has found,  
Enchanting, sweet, melodious sound,  
Never yet.

11  
Woodward weighs two hundred pounds,  
Never yet.  
No "Wampus Cats" within our bounds,  
Never yet.  
Billy Martin is in tears,  
For Lewis Pryor bit his ears,  
A repetition soon he fears,  
Never yet.

12  
Sweet music makes our battalion band,  
Never yet.  
Major Tom is surely grand,  
Never yet.  
Phillips, S., says he isn't dumb,  
Harley's learned to beat a drum,  
Kirk's cornet is on the bum,  
Never yet.

13  
The Brookfields are the sausage kings,  
Never yet.  
The bell for classes seldom rings,  
Never yet.  
Hugh Kerr once broke a rule,  
There's water in the swimming pool,

Ricks says he loves this school,  
Never yet.

14  
Campbell goes long without water,  
Never yet.  
Everett May has lent a quarter,  
Never yet.  
Bovee's learned to skip a rope,  
Murray is "D" Company's hope,  
If we can swallow Joe Lea's dope,  
Never yet.

15  
Merritt Railey is in love,  
Never yet.  
"Curly Locks" is his Turtle Dove,  
Never yet.  
Sleepy Fudge is wide awake,  
Beery's bugling is a fake,  
Cut it out for "Heaven's sake,"  
Never yet.

16  
Charley Payne his match has found,  
Never yet.  
"Cold-cocked" by Whitcomb in a round,  
Never yet.  
Harryman at last has won a race,  
Ugly frown on Miller's face,  
Jacob will his "substance" waste,  
Never yet.

17  
Championship fight won by Blake,  
Never yet.  
A splendid showing he did make,  
Never yet.  
Couldn't even get a draw,  
For Calvin landed on his jaw,  
Many million stars he saw,  
Never yet.

18  
Palmer on the mat wins fame,  
Never yet.  
No long tail, but Monk's his name,  
Never yet.  
"Turtle Eye" Hoggard's hair not red,  
"Neither's mine," McDonough said,  
What kind of bull is that, we're fed?  
Never yet.

19  
Quale, like name, is a bird,  
Never yet.  
Around the barracks he's seldom heard,  
Never yet.  
Harnsberger is in disgrace,  
From all the horns, he picked bass,  
So 'twould cover up his face,  
Never yet.

Dedicated to the corps of 1923, whose pride in their school and their respective organizations was only eclipsed by a personal pride in themselves for those things they represented.

The Constant Name

In these times, when fortunes count,  
In these days of fame,  
Every man must "strut his stuff,"  
Must have a "high-brow" name.

A "Trumpeter" in days of yore  
A "Bugler" then was he,  
"Musician" to his cadet friends,  
These times demand all three.

Just take today; a rear-rank man,  
A "Private" in the mass;  
The social world hails him by  
A "Private—First Class."

Now look again, a "Corporal" proud,  
To every man a foe,  
They've even dared to boost his name,  
They call him—"N. C. O."

But what is worse, a "Platoon Guide,"  
Now surely that sounds fine!  
Has changed his name to sound like this,  
A "Sergeant-of-the-Line."

"Lieutenant" is not grand enough,  
His name's been altered, too,  
He used to be just plain old "First,"  
But now he's "Senior Lieu."

"The Captain" then, was "The Old Man"  
To all his organization,  
He's "Company Commander" now,  
They've changed his appellation.

But there's one name, bear it with pride,  
'Twill never change, don't fret,  
The most high-sounding name of all,  
The "A. M. A. Cadet."

20  
My entire life here I'll spend,  
Never yet.  
Will at last there be an end?  
Never yet.  
But if there comes a Final Day,  
I'll lock my door and hit the "hay,"  
The rest may go, but I will stay,  
Never yet.

WE WIN  
(Continued From Page Three)  
Though well they've fought,  
Again they meet the foe.

Although inspired,  
Our team is tired,  
And Staunton comes back fast;  
It's nip and tuck,  
With some hard luck,  
The visitors lead at last.

The old "Long Yell,"  
It breaks the spell,  
Augusta shoots a foul;  
It's twenty each,  
The game's a peach,  
Now hear the cadets howl.

The fiercest play,  
To win the day,  
The second half is done;  
A moment more,  
To count the score,  
But neither side has won.

The referee,  
And teams agree,  
To play five minutes more;  
With jerseys wet,  
From steaming sweat,  
Again they take the floor.

A dashing spurt,  
Though some are hurt,  
Five times we cage the sphere;  
They play to win,  
Above the din,  
The whistle you can hear,

We are so proud,  
Our cheers are loud,  
For now the deed is done;  
A glorious day,  
Heroes are they,  
Our fighting team has won.